1/ 2574

THE POET's WARDROBE:

OR

LIVERY OF THE MUSES:

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE

And addreſs'd, (by Way of Letter) to a

PARTICULAR FRIEND.

Nil habet paupertas, durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Juv. Sat. 3d.

The pang of Poverty ſprings more
From Ridicule, than being Poor;
Itſelf alone, is eaſy borne,
But difficult to put up Scorn.

LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by JAMES HENLEY,
in *Broad-ſtreet, Ratcliff-Croſs.* 1767.

[B[redacted]]

THE PREFACE.

PREFACES ſeem as neceſſary to introduce Pieces into the *World*, as Prologues are, Plays upon the *Stage*; and are as much expected by the generality of Readers; yet we ſhould not thus far have comply'd with the Cuſtom of the Times, were it not merely to inform the Public that the following *little Piece* was found among the Fragments of a Gentleman lately deceaſed, whoſe Abilities ſeem to have merited a *better* Fortune, than Fate had allotted him: As it was not originally intended to make its Appearance in *Print*, we have a very fair excuſe for its *Brevity*. The Subject is intereſting, and ſeems to be handled *feelingly*, and we have undoubted Authority for avering it is an Original.

How many Men of Parts, and Genius, have been compell'd to proſtitute their Talents to the baſeſt Uſes, for a paltry, weekly Pitance, barely to Support an indigent Family, who might (had they been bleſt with Affluence) have ſtood *foremoſt* in the Annals of *Litterature*, and bid fairer for the Laurel than their Tyrant *Employers*.

Poets may, (with no great Impropriety) be compared to *Pike* in a River, that indiſcriminately prey on whatever falls within their reach; and when no *other Food* preſents itſelf, they naturally fall foul of *one another*. The Author of this *little Poem*, has oblig'd the World with

with many Pieces, that juſtly procured him (tho' unknown) a Share of itsEſteem; for as they were publiſhed *anonymouſly*, he could only be *gueſs'd* at.

If this hapleſs *Orphan* has the good Fortune (for its Father's-ſake) to meet with the Indulgence of the Public; there are ſome other Brats of the ſame Family, that will ſhortly expect ſome Proviſion to be made for them.

It may probably be remark'd, that this is *a new way* of aſking Charity, and may impede the Succeſs of the little *Adventurer*, for who would give *ſingle* Alms to *him* that tells you beforehand, his *whole Family* is coming after him?

Now, tho' this Declaration ſtands liable to the Charge of *Boldneſs*, yet it is preſumed, there is ſo much the Appearance of *Honeſty*, and *plain Truth* in it, that every *worthy* Reader will rather be influenced in its Favour, than piqued to a Reſentment;—For who but the moſt *raſh* and *inconſiderate*, would offer to *ſet their Wit againſt a Child*'' ?

The

THE POET's WARDROBE.

THESE few dull Lines I ſend to greet you,
'Ware *Criticiſm* I entreat you;
Perchance you'd know what Friends I meet,
Where paſs my Time, how oft I eat;
Hard Queſtions theſe to anſwer truly,
I often *eat*, tho' not quite *duly*;
With ſome old Friend, I dine to day,
But where to-morrow, cannot ſay;
"*No matter where*" was Richard's cry,
We all muſt live, until we die;

To-morrow for *itſelf* takes Care,

For each *new* Morn, is to others heir;

Taylors you know, are clamrous Things,

And muſt be paid as well as *Kings*;

Therefore to avoid a Dun,

And Doublet made of Stone to ſhun;

My *Wardrobe* on my Back I carry,

Yet cannot boaſt a ſtrong-back Marry;

I've nought in Cloſet, Preſs, or Cheſt,

Hence 'twill appear I wear my *beſt*;

Peruſe the following, and you'll ſee,

How Fortune has befriended me;

I'll e'en begin at th' upper End,

And ſo by juſt Degrees deſcend;

And that is eaſier far you know,
Than up the Hill attempt to go;
For 'tis a beaten well-known Road
By hapleſs Numbers often trod;
Who hit (like Carriers Horſe) the Way
As well i'th' darkeſt Night as Day;
Kind *inſtinct* guides the brute Creation,
That *Lanthorn* of their Preſervation;
The Index pointing to each Creature,
The ſalutary Paths of Nature;
But *Man*—"*the Beaſt of Reaſon*" will,
Purſue his *own*, all-knowing Skill;
And by that *ignis fatuus* dire,
Oft's led, and left in quags of Mire;

Where ſtrugg'ling to get free in vain,
His Labour but rewards his Pain;
Firſt Pardon aſk'd for this Digreſſion,
I'll e'en proceed to full Confeſſion;
And openly at once reveal,
My Furniture from *Head* to *Heel*;
E'en from ſutura Coronalis,
Down to the Pedis tranſverſalis;
This anatomical Quotation;
Will need (with *You*) no Explanation;
Thus Authors ever ſhou'd (God Speed 'em,)
Conſult the Parts of thoſe who read 'em;
One Head to Shade, *one* Hat will do,
Then wherefore ſhou'd a Man have *two?*

A Hat I have—but wondrous ſhabby,

Corners fring'd out, and Sides grown ſcabby;

Stays, Loop, and Button, are no more,
And Lining all to Pieces tore,
With Cracks *behind*, and 'eke *before*.

That in a drenching Show'r doth give,

A Shelter like to —— any *Sieve*;

My *Wig*, that might with moſt compare,

Now ſcarcely boaſts, one crooked Hair;

So mean—you'd not accept it Gratis,
Not well-made Chandler's Ware more ſtrait is,
Such Friend, the cov'ring of my Pate is;

Without Abuſe, or uſing Tongue ill,

'Tis fit (in ſhort) for nought but Dunghill;

Or to be hung in Field of Grain,
To fright away the pilfering Train;
A bad beginning you'll confeſs,
But *further* hear, you'll wonder *leſs*;
My only *Coat*, once Saxon blue,
Camelion like, hath chang'd its Hue;
And wanting Taylor to repair Rent,
Is grown at Arm-pits, quite Tranſparent;
Malicious *Times* deſtructive fell blows,
Have likewiſe threſh'd it out at Elbows;
'Tis ſaid true Blue, will never ſtain, tho'
Yet mine's the Portrait of the *Rainbow*;
Thus envious blaſts of Wind, and Rain,
Have prov'd that e'en *True Blue* will ſtain;

My

My *Waiſtcoat*, which was once a Scarlet,
Bright as the Paint on Face of Harlot;
As if it ſicken'd with Vexation;
At luckleſs Times ſtrange Alteration;
Now's pale as Patient during Vomit,
And every bit of Nap gone from it;
My *Breeches* too, whilom as black,
As is the Down on Raven's Back;
Have loſt their former bright Emblazure,
And vary'd are, to gloomy Azure;
At Knees are grown too quite Threadbare,
And ſadly worn indeed elſewhere,
Nay, every Part needs ſome Repair;
Each *Stocking* black as Negro, once was,
Or e'en the Wool that on his Sconce grows;

Whoſe inky Hue, ſo near ally'd to,

Saves waſhing oft, Dirt beſt can hide to;

Yet their Complexion too felt change has,

And ſcabby Looks like Cur that Mange has;

They've never yet the Landry's rub borne,

In Pique whereat the Feet (grown ſtubborn;)

Although I coax 'em to good Humour,
'Round either Heel they form a Tumour,
And threaten ne'ver to dwell in Shoe more.

Invet'rate, vile, ungenerous *Hoſe*,

Thus to forſake my friendly *Toes*;

And their Diſtreſs regard no more,

Than *unfeed* Beadle, carted Whore;

Tho' Fortune frowns, I'll not deſpair,

She varies oft, may look more fair;

In ſpite of *her*, *they* keep the Field,
Who buckle on firm *Virtue's* Shield;
Once more, I cry your Mercy Friend,
Digreſſion ſhall no more offend;
Two *Shoes* I have, tho' not a *Pair*,
Of different Tenets you may ſwear,
For one Toes *round*, the other *ſquare*;
Their hinder Parts confirm 'tis ſo,
For one Heel's *high*, the other *low*;
A Mixture one of *Wood and Leather*,
That dwell familiarly together;
And ſeem in friendly Part to prove,
Their *Unanimity* and *Love*;

The other made of *Hide* alone,
Yet ſcorns to truck to th' *wooden* one;
For tho' *it* ſprung from loftieſt Tree,
This boaſts as good a Pedigree;
Thus daily they fall out and jar,
And *Indian-like* wage conſtant War;
They're emblematic Wig and Tory,
And thus Friend I conclude my Story;
But now I muſter Recollection,
To finiſh *thus* were Imperfection;
My firſt Intent wou'd never anſwer,
For I've omitted the main Chance here;
An ampler Field to work upon,
Than any Geer we *doff* or *d'on*;

I'd e'en forgot what wraps my Skin in,
And never once remember'd *Linen*;
Sure to forget one's *neareſt* Friend,
To black Ingratitude doth tend;
And that's a Crime, more heinous far,
Than Numbers ſentenc'd at the Bar;
For he who is poſſeſt of *it*,
Wou'd doubtleſs all the reſt *commit*;
My *Shirts* and their adherents Stocks,
Wou'd beſt become the Tinder-box;
Or Moll to carry to the Mill,
Where Learning oft, ſhrew'd Volumes fill;
From whence a Folio, may ariſe,
(If Stuff enough to form that ſize)
Revealing *Occult Myſteries*.

My

My Inventory now is finiſh'd,
I've neither added nor diminiſh'd;
Studied to heighten, or debaſe,
But told in ſimple Truth my Caſe;
From whence it plainly doth appear,
That Things will grow the worſe for wear;
And undergo ſtrange Alteration,
E'en ſome to *Tranſubſtantiation*;
A moral Meaning we may ſtate here,
True Emblems of decaying Nature;
For *You* and *I* Sir, by degrees,
Muſt wither and decay like theſe;
Not Houſes, Lands, e'en Cræſus' Store,
When Death pays viſit at the Door,
Can Life *prolong* one ſingle Hour.

F I N I S.